



MORNING.

THE mist of morning on the purple mountains
And low green meadows lay;
The sun slow breaking from his crystal palace
Shone o'er the silent bay.
Above the streamlet on the wooded hill-top,
I stood in peace alone;
And faintly heard upon the moss-grown pebbles,
The soft waves splash and moan.
And now and then among the long elm branches
The low winds ling'ring went,
Like the slow fall of a sad musician's fingers
On some sweet instrument.
I saw the gold slow gath'ring in the heavens,
The night-mists drift away;
And on the grim brow of the grand old mountain,
A pale star's dying ray.
While faintly gleaming thro' the thick green branches,
In her dim silvery dress,
Shone the fair moon, beyond the swift clouds gilding,
To hide her loveliness.
And softly breaking on the morning silence,
Like the shy dryad's call,
Came the sweet voice of hushed wind's sad complaining,
Or a bird-madrigal.
The gentle breath of morning's early sweetness,
Freighted the dimpling air;
And half I deemed that Nature bent there kneeling,
With meek hands clasped in prayer.

—The Aldine.

A NIGHTLY SCENE IN LONDON.

On the fifth of last November, I, accompanied by a friend well known to the public, accidentally strayed into Whitechapel. It was a miserable evening, very dark, very muddy, and raining hard.

There are many woeful sights in that part of London, and it has been well known to me, in most of its aspects, for many years.

We had forgotten the mud and rain in slowly walking along and looking about us, when we found ourselves, at eight o'clock, before the Workhouse.

Crouched against the wall of the Workhouse, in the dark street, on the muddy pavement-stones, with the rain raining upon them, were five bundles of rags. They were motionless, and had no resemblance to the human form. Five great bee-hives, covered with rags—five dead bodies taken out of graves, tied neck-and-heels and covered with rags—would have looked like those five bundles upon which the rain rained down in the public street.

"What is this?" said my companion. "What is this?"

"Some miserable people shut out of the Casual Ward, I think," said I.

We had stopped before the five ragged mounds, and were quite rooted to the spot by their horrible appearance. Five awful Sphinxes by the wayside, crying to every passer-by, "Stop and guess! What is to be the end of a state of society that leaves us here!"

As we stood looking at them, a decent working-man, having the appearance of a stone-mason, touched me on the shoulder.

"This is awful sight, Sir," said he, "in a Christian country!"

"God knows it is, my friend," said I.

"I have often seen it much worse than this, as I have been going home from work. I have counted fifteen, twenty, five-and-twenty many a time. It's a shocking thing to see."

"A shocking thing, indeed," said I and my companion together. The man lingered near us a little while, wished us good night, and went on.

We should have felt it brutal in us who had a better chance of being heard than the working-man, to leave the thing as it was, so we knocked at the Workhouse gate. I undertook to be spokesman. The moment the gate was opened by an old pauper, I went in, followed close by my companion. I lost no time in passing the old porter, for I saw in his watery eye, a disposition to shut us out.

"Be so good as to give that card to the master of the Workhouse, and say I shall be glad to speak to him for a moment."

We were in a kind of covered gateway, and the old porter went across it with the card. Before we had got to a door on our left, a man in a cloak and hat bounced out of it very sharply, as if he were in the nightly habit of being bullied, and of returning the compliment.

"Now, gentlemen," said he, in a loud voice, "what do you want here?"

"First," said I, "will you do me the favor to look at that card in your hand. Perhaps you may know my name."

"Yes," said he, looking at it: "I know this name."

"Good. I only want to ask you a plain question in a civil manner, and there is not the least occasion for either of us to be angry. It would be very foolish in me to blame you, and I don't blame you. I may find fault with the system you administer, but pray understand that I know you are here to do a duty pointed out to you, and that I have no doubt you do it. Now, I hope you won't object to tell me what I want to know."

"No," said he, quite mollified and very reasonable, "not at all. What is it?"

"Do you know that there are five wretched creatures outside?"

"I haven't seen them, but I dare say there are."

"Do you doubt that there are?"

"No, not at all. There might be many more."

"Are they men or women?"

"Women, I suppose. Very likely one or two of them were there last night and the night before last."

"There all night, do you mean?"

"Very likely."

My companion and I looked at one another, and master of the Workhouse added quickly, "Why, Lord bless my soul! what am I to do? What can I do? The place is full. The place is always full—every night. I must give the preference to women with children, mustn't I? You wouldn't have me to do that?"

"Surely not," said I. "It is a very humane principle, and quite right; and I am glad to hear of it. Don't forget that I don't blame *you*."

"Well!" said he. And subdued himself again.

"What I want to ask you," I went on, "is whether you know anything against those five miserable beings outside?"

"Don't know anything about them," said he, with a wave of his arm.

"I ask for this reason: that we mean to give them a trifle to get a lodging—if they are not sheltered because they are thieves, for instance. You don't know them to be thieves?"

"I don't know anything about them," he repeated emphatically.

"That is to say, they are shut out, solely because the Ward is full?"

"Because the Ward is full."

"And if they got in, they would only have a roof for the night and a bit of bread in the morning, I suppose?"

"That's all. You'll use your own discretion about what you give them. Only understand that I don't know anything about them beyond what I have told you."

"Just so. I wanted to know no more. You have answered my question civilly and readily, and I am much obliged to you. I have nothing to say against you, but quite the contrary. Good-night!"

"Good-night, gentlemen!" And out we came again.

We went to the ragged bundle nearest to the Workhouse-door, and I touched it. No movement replying, I gently shook it. The rags began to be slowly stirred within, and by little and little a head was unshrouded. The head of a young woman of three or four-and-twenty, as I should judge; gaunt with want, and foul with dirt, but not naturally ugly.

"Tell us," said I, stooping down, "why are you lying here?"

"Because I can't get into the Workhouse."

She spoke in a faint, dull way, and had no curiosity or interest left. She looked dreamily at the black sky and the falling rain, but never looked at me or my companion.

"Were you here last night?"

"Yes. All last night. And the night afore, too."

"Do you know any of these others?"

"I know her next but one. She was here last night, and she told me she came out of Essex. I don't know no more of her."

"You were here all last night, but you have not been here all day?"

"No. Not all day."

"Where have you been all day?"

"About the streets."

"What have you had to eat?"

"Nothing."

"Come!" said I. "Think a little. You are tired and have been asleep, and don't quite consider what you are saying to us. You have had something to eat to-day. Come! Think of it!"

"No I haven't. Nothing but such bits as I could pick up about the market. *Why, look at me!*"

She bared her neck, and I covered it up again.

"If you had a shilling to get some supper and a lodging, should you know where to get it?"

"Yes. I could do that."

"For God's sake get it then!"

I put the money into her hand, and she feebly rose up and went away. She never thanked me, never looked at me—melted away into the miserable night, in the strangest manner I ever saw. I have seen many strange things, but not one that has left a

deeper impression on my memory than the dull impassive way in which that worn-out heap of misery took that piece of money, and was lost.

One by one I spoke to all the five. In every one, interest and curiosity were as extinct as in the first. They were all dull and languid. No one made any sort of profession or complaint; no one cared to look at me; no one thanked me. When I came to the third, I suppose she saw that my companion and I glanced, with a new horror upon us, at the two last, who had dropped against each other in their sleep, and were lying like broken images. She said she believed they were young sisters. These were the only words that were originated among the five.

And now let me close this terrible account with a redeeming and beautiful trait of the poorest of poor. When we came out of the Workhouse, we had gone across the road to a public-house, finding ourselves without silver, to get change for a sovereign. I held the money in my hand while I was speaking to the five apparitions. Our being so engaged, attracted the attention of many people of the very poor sort usual to that place; as we leaned over the mound of rags, they eagerly leaned over us to see and hear; what I had in my hand, and what I said, and what I did, must have been plain to nearly all the concourse. When the last of the five had got up and faded away, the spectators opened to let us pass; and not one of them, by word, or look, or gesture, begged of us. Many of the observant faces were quick enough to know that it would have been a relief to us to have got rid of the rest of the money with any hope of doing good with it. But there was a feeling among them all that their necessities were not to be placed by the side of such a spectacle; and they opened a way for us, in profound silence, and let us go.

My companion wrote to me, next day, that the five ragged bundles had been upon his bed all night. I debated how to add our testimony to that of many other persons who from time to time are impelled to write to the newspapers, by having come upon some shameful and shocking sights of this description. I resolved to write an exact account of what we had seen, but to wait until after Christmas, in order that there might be no heat or haste. I know that the unreasonable disciples of a reasonable school, demented disciples who push arithmetic and political economy beyond all bounds of sense (not to speak of such a weakness as humanity,) and hold them to be all-sufficient for every case, can easily prove that such things ought to be, and that no man has any business to mind them. Without disparaging those indispensable sciences in their sanity, I utterly renounce and abominate them in their insanity; and I address the people with a respect for the spirit of the New Testament, who do mind such things, and who think them infamous in our streets.—*Charles Dickens.*

BATARD TAYLOR tells of a Yankee who, walking the streets of St. Petersburg one muddy day, met the grand duke of Constantine. The sidewalk was not wide enough for two to pass, and the street was very deep in filth. The American took a silver rouble from his pocket, shook it in his closed hand, and cried out, "Crown or tail?" "Crown," guessed the duke. "Your highness has won," cried the American, looking at the rouble and stepping into the mud. The next day the Yankee was invited by the grand duke to dinner.

WHEN a loafer enters the sanctum of a busy editor, and the editor says, "Glad to see you're back," what does he mean?

ICE SKATING IN SUMMER—THE GLACIARIUM, LONDON.

THAT a piece of artificially frozen ice should have been maintained in excellent condition for skating, and have been skated upon for the last four months in London, is a proof of the practical success of an undertaking, which even a sudden collapse would fail to destroy. Upon a small scale and in what may be termed "bulk," the artificial production of ice does not present to the chemist or manufacturer any very great difficulty. But the question assumes a different aspect when the result of artificial congelation is to take the form of an extended surface, in which thickness is enormously disproportionate to the other dimensions. The maintenance, moreover, of this frozen floor, which has also to sustain a considerable amount of pressure at a constant temperature, or, at least, at a temperature sufficiently low to prevent the surface becoming unfit for skating purposes, is not the least arduous part of the operation.

The three essential characteristics of a glaciarium, independently of the mechanical power, are the fluid frozen, the freezing medium, and the freezing agent. The existence of the second of these is rendered necessary by the impracticability of bringing the freezing agent into direct contact with the fluid to be frozen. The first of these in the Chelsea Glaciarium is water, the second a solution of glycerine, and the third sulphurous acid. This last has generally been regarded as a gas, although condensable into a liquid under the pressure of one atmosphere at a temperature of zero Cent. It has a specific gravity of 2.21, and a hundred cubic inches weigh 68.69 grains. As a liquid, taking water as the standard, its specific gravity is 1.45. For the purpose of the Glaciarium at Chelsea, it is obtained in a liquid state by Mr. Gamgee from Switzerland in strong copper bottles of the shape of a sausage, containing about a couple of hundredweights. At a temperature fourteen deg. Fah. the condensed liquid is in a normal condition, and exerts no pressure. The bottle of acid is placed upon a small truck carrying scales, and a given weight run off into the lower part of the condenser by the pipe B, page 551. The condenser C is filled with water at the ordinary temperature, supplied direct from the main, and has a system of double pipes, inclosing an annular space, well known as "Gamgee's compound tubular arrangement." The smaller, or internal, tubes have a diameter of five-eighths inches, and the larger, or external, of one inch. The water enters at D, passes through the smaller tubes, and arrives at the bottom of the condenser by the pipes, curved upwards at the ends. It then rises through the condenser and passes out by the overflow pipe E. The water is continually flowing in this manner, and has therefore a perfect circulation. The sulphurous acid, still in the liquid state, flows out of the bottle into the lower part of the tubes in the condenser. The cock G is then opened, and the liquid acid expands into the gaseous state in the refrigerator R. The cock F is necessary to allow the connection to be cut off between the condenser and the refrigerator if required. Upon entering the refrigerator, the sulphurous acid expands into three hundred times its original volume. The arrangement of the tubes in the refrigerator consists of a number of small tubes inside a larger one D. The sulphurous acid, now in the gaseous condition, rises up the large tubes into the upper part of the refrigerator where the tubes are fixed. Every pound weight of sulphurous acid passes through the pipe H absorbs 170 English units of heat.

A double-acting pump of the ordinary construction now comes into operation. A vacuum equal to about two inches of mercury is produced, and partly by its means, and partly by its own elastic pressure, the sulphurous acid rises in the pipe A, which is always at a very low temperature, and is then forced through B, which is

always at a high temperature, into the condenser C. The gauge shows a pressure of about one and a half atmospheres, which is sufficient with the assistance of the water to effect the recondensation of the gas. When the recondensed liquid—which commences to change its former gaseous state directly it enters the pipe K—enters the condenser it passes into the box into which the double tubes are fitted, and flows through the annular spaces between one half of the tubes as far as the stop *e*. It then passes through the remaining half all together, and finds its way to the bottom of the condenser, and thence back into the refrigerator, thus establishing a perfect circulation. This circulation has been already referred to in the first part of our article. The temperature of the sulphurous acid varies from twenty-one degrees to eleven degrees Fah. It may be noticed with regard to the pump that the valves were found, when made of the ordinary gun metal, to give out. They have since been made of bright "Bristol brass," with spindles of cast steel screwed and soldered in, and have been found to give complete satisfaction. The sulphurous acid does not in any manner corrode the machinery, and this great advantage is due to the fact that it never comes in contact with the atmosphere.

The freezing medium, which we may now consider, is an aqueous solution of brown glycerine, stored in underground tanks. It has, as will be readily understood, a very low freezing point. A solution of glycerine and water, made in equal proportions, is practically incapable of being frozen. The proportions used at Chelsea are four parts of glycerine to six parts of water, and the mixture freezes at zero Fah. It is first of all pumped into a copper box A fixed in the upper part of the refrigerator R, to be cooled down to the requisite temperature. It runs down the inner tubes of the refrigerator which are fixed in the box, being surrounded by the sulphurous acid which fills the large tubes as already mentioned. It then reaches a cast-iron box at the bottom of the refrigerator, into which it is distributed by a series of radial tubes. Being now sufficiently cooled, it is pumped carefully and without violence into a wooden tank, placed some ten feet above the ground, from which it flows by simple gravitation into the main pipes supplying the Glaciarium itself. There are two main pipes connected with the outlet and inlets pipes respectively by junction pipes, one of which is three-fourths inches diameter and the other two inches. The upper pipe is slightly contracted at the junction. The main pipes are circular in section, and have each a diameter of six inches. They are placed the one vertically over the other at right angles to the small pipes, which are laid longitudinally in the ice floor of the Glaciarium. These small pipes are of copper and oval in section, the major axes being two and one-half inches in length and the minor seven-eighths inches. The space between them varies from one-eighth inches to one-quarter inches. They may be said to be laid in pairs, one being connected with the upper main and the other with the lower. The free extremities are connected together by a bent pipe or loop, so that one of the pair acts as a flow and the other as the return pipe. The solution of glycerine flows forward in every one of these separate pairs, and returns by the other pipe to the outlet pipes, by which it is conducted to the refrigerator, cooled down again, pumped into the elevated tank, to resume once more its course of circulation. During the whole of the circuit the temperature varies to the extent only of a few degrees.

The frozen floor of the Glaciarium presents some points of difference with respect to naturally frozen ice which cannot fail to strike the visitor. Being directly supported by concrete joists, and planking, the ice is of a more solid character, and neither bends nor cracks under the skaters. As it is also frozen at a very low temperature, it is harder than ordinary ice, and possibly may have a higher specific gravity. If we take the thickness of the ice in the Glaciarium at Chelsea, on an average, at one and three-fourth inches, the whole floor would represent, *en masse*, a solid block five feet cube.

—The Engineer.

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AN INVISIBLE INFIRMITY.

OUR being deaf-mutes is an invisible misfortune. No one can tell we cannot hear nor talk until he or she addresses us, and we have to make him or her write out the question asked. On one Sunday we had a walk with a speaking and hearing brother in the street, and were talking on fingers. Two young ladies behind us pointed to us, and said that we *two* were *deaf-mutes*. Their guess being half correct and half mistaken amused him very much.

President Gallaudet, of the National Deaf-Mute College, while riding in a city car some years ago, was carrying on conversation with a Professor on fingers and perhaps in sign-language, who could hear and speak. The passengers took them for deaf-mutes, and threw some humorous remarks upon them, until one of the supposed deaf-mutes spoke to the conductor with the tongue. The passengers were evidently thrown into alarm at their mistakes, and at once suppressed their allusions.

Mr. E. L. CHAPIN, a graduate of the College, and now a teacher of the West Virginia Institution for Deaf-mutes, at Romney, told us an amusing incident the other week which he met with on a steamboat on his way either to Philadelphia or back to Baltimore, (we forget which way.) He observed one among the passengers—a short, stout young man—who was walking about and up and down perfectly silent, and, after a while, took out a pencil to write to some one, which at once convinced the observer that he was a deaf-mute. As soon as the lonely deaf-mute finished up his written inquiries, Mr. Chapin motioned him to come to him, and they commenced talking with paper and lead pencil, and kept it up for a while, when Mr. Chapin alluded to Mr. Tuck, of Baltimore, Md., a deaf-mute lay-reader, which surprised the unsuspecting man that he knew Mr. Tuck, and after a while Mr. Chapin gave him another surprise that he knew President Gallaudet well. For the first time an idea swam across his head that Mr. Chapin was a deaf-mute, and practised deception on him for sport, and the excited man asked him a question in sign-language: "Deaf-mute you?" Mr. Chapin at once replied in the same way: "Speak can I, but hear can't I." Then they at once entered into a most free and noiseless talk on fingers and hands all the way. It was Mr. JOHN H. TIMS. The passengers observed the sudden change of the way the deaf-mutes used for talking, and saw with amusement the deception Mr. Chapin equally practised upon Mr. Tims and them.

It is difficult to explain the workings of the youthful mind. A boy who will listen to the sublimest truths of theology will be aroused to the acutest interest by the progress of a caterpillar over the bald-headed man in the pew in front of him.—*Norwich Bulletin*.

PERSONAL.

WE would remind our readers that we are wholly dependent upon their good nature and courtesy for the matter contained in the Personal Department. It does not take long to write and send a short item for this department, yet the shortest item about an old schoolmate or friend may be of more value than all the rest of the paper to any one of our readers. We ask, therefore, that each and every one of our readers will consider himself or herself one of the editors of the Personal Column, and send any thing, no matter how little, which may be of interest.

MRS. WILLIAM L. BIRD, of Hartford, Conn., is going to keep house in September.

MRS. GERTRUDE J. PHELPS, of this city, and Miss AMELIA BARNARD, of Georgetown, proposes to pay a Centennial visit to Philadelphia about the first instant.

MR. JOHN H. TIMS, formerly connected with the National Deaf-Mute College, is carrying on a farm at Cecilton, Md., and doing well. He was married about five or six years ago, and has four children.

MR. JAMES E. BELLER, a graduate of the College, and a clerk in the Sixth Auditor's Office, is off on leave of absence for fifteen days to New York, Philadelphia and Connecticut. May his visit be profitable and most pleasant anticipations be realized.

MR. JAMES FISHER, a teacher of the Georgia Institution, at Cave Spring, paid us a most welcome visit. He was at the American Asylum many years ago under the late Superintendent Mr. Weld and a schoolmate of Mr. JOHN W. COMPTON. Mr. FISHER was so delighted in his visit to Washington City that he expressed a determination to visit us again during the vacation.

MR. E. L. CHAPIN has spent his vacation pleasantly in visiting the Centennial City, Long Branch and May Grove. He is visiting his relatives on the Blue Ridge, Virginia, on way to Romney, W. Va., on the 4th inst.

DEAF-MUTE'S HEROISM.

ABOUT 5 o'clock Sunday afternoon several gentleman standing on Vine street wharf, witnessed an act which was highly commendable. Thomas Hall, a lad of nine years, having strayed from his parents, was at play upon the wharf mentioned, when his foot slipped and he was precipitated into the strong tide of the Delaware. A deaf-mute named Argus Cornish, an eccentric genius, who does odd jobs along the wharves, and who, an outcast himself, seems to take pleasurable pride in protecting others, and has already saved several lives although standing with his back to the scene of the accident, seemed, as his name implied, to have a hundred eyes. Without any hesitation he stripped off his coat and shoes, and plunging into the water in a short time brought the boy safe to land. Argus' heroism should not be overlooked.—*Philadelphia Press*.

A DEAF AND DUMB pair of Macbeths have been convicted in the assize court of Vanclose, (in Ireland, we think.—Ed.) Mr. Recordon, a watchmaker, had lived in the same house with Plantevin and his wife, and had been so imprudent as to employ a sheriff's officer for the collection of £200 which they had borrowed of him. Plantevin would have paid the money if his wife had not been bent upon revenge. The watchmaker was found lying dead in a pool of blood, with a ghastly wound in the head. None of his property had been stolen, but two hammers belonging to Plantevin and a white linen apron habitually worn by his wife were missing.

The prisoners gave evidence through two interpreters, the husband doing his best in concert with his son to throw the blame on his wife. The trial ended early in August. Macbeth was condemned to eight years, penal servitude, and Lady Macbeth to twenty years.—*The New York Tribune*.

A FOX HUNT AT PAU.

My friend Ethel had hired a big laudau and a coachman in livery for the winter at Pau. The amiable proprietor of both had politely suggested that "a boy in buttons" was a very useful item, and was at her service "for a few francs extra;" but she had declined this additional grandeur, as her deep mourning precluded her visiting, and the pleasure we promised ourselves—for I was to share her drives—in penetrating through all the sublime passes of the Pyrenees would borrow no enchantment from the added presence of a boy in livery.

The little half-French, half-Spanish town of Pau is exquisitely situated on a bluff, beneath which the river Gave runs away, laughing, singing, and brawling. Beyond are the beautiful foot-hills, and rising from them the magnificent range of the Pyrenees Mountains.

Fox-hunting is a popular dissipation, and going to "the meet" is the correct thing to do. Ethel and I were to drive thither in the laudau, but my little girl, looking lovely in her mauve silk and hat trimmed with gaisies, was to grace one of the pretty basket-carriages drawn by ponies, whose scarlet trappings were full of little silver bells. Her cavalier was a tall young American, a capital whip, and otherwise well known to me. The regulation groom, in green livery and white top-boots, sat in the rumble, his face arranged in an expression of unconquerable gravity.

We find the broad rue de Bordeaux alive with carriages, horsemen, and horsewomen, hurrying to the meet. Many of those in carriages are Americans and old acquaintances. A well-known resident of Boston bows to us. He is resplendent in "pink" and "white tops," and his "mount" is a superb animal of the Morgan breed, which he has imported from Vermont, expressly for hunting.

A beautiful American woman dashes past, driving herself in a low phaeton. She has won for herself the pseudonym of "La Belle Toilette," because of the rare taste and beauty of her costumes. Behind her, in a big laudau, with the addition of a boy in buttons, sits a large fair Englishwoman, with a little dapper husband half hidden under her wing. She was a widow when the little man married her, and the irrelevant and disrespectful among us know him as "the widow's mite."

Two nieces of the Duke of N. go by us on fast-trotting horses. Pride of ancestry is stamped upon their handsome, haughty faces, for are they not the nieces of the Duke of N., the rampant tail of whose heraldic lion used to stand so fiercely out—like Ajax defying the lightning—on the top of his Frace's now demolished mansion in the Strand in London.

Three German princesses, cousins of her Majesty Queen Victoria, follow, drawn by sedate horses, evidently impressed with the dignity of their calling. Their Highnesses are badly dressed in blue hats and green parasols, but they have good, sensible, pleasant faces.

Here come a Russian countess and her beautiful young daughter, with whose lotus eyes, and mouth like a pomegranate blossom, Captain H., one of our rebels, is madly in love. Captain H. belonged to the famous Black Horse Calvary of General Stuart's brigade, and was grievously wounded in the war.

Now there goes dashing impetuously ahead on a mettlesome charger, an Irish gentleman in "pink," the brother of our big-hearted and well-beloved physician. Dr. John—for he also is a "medical man"—is the strongest mixture of learning, accomplishments, and mad-cap boyishness I ever encountered. He married an heiress, who, dying, left him so rich, that he has relinquished the practice of medicine, and now confines himself to the practice of jokes. Two evenings before, at the theatre, when the rising of the

curtain was delayed, Dr. John jumped upon the stage, and entertained the audience with the tricks of a ridiculous little bandy-legged terrier, his inseparable companion. The intense surprise of the actors when the curtain rose and they discovered the cause of our laughter; the solemn stepping down and out of Dr. John; the terrified leap of the terrier upon the heads of the musicians in the orchestra, made a sight worth double the price of admission. A few weeks before, Dr. John had traveled from Paris to Pau, a distance, I think, of six hundred miles, on a velocipede, dressed in English knickerbockers. He was followed for miles out of every village by the inhabitants, cheering him and laughing; he made, in fact, quite a triumphal progress. What a strange man! I never saw him without repeating to myself the lines:

"A man so various, that he seemed to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome;
Who in the course of one revolving moon,
Was statesman, poet, fiddler, and buffoon."

We are soon at the rendezvous, which is only five kilometers (about three miles) from Pau. The winter sun rests warm and caressingly upon the plain. The hedges are full of roses, the *coup d'œil* most picturesque. In the midst of a crowd of keepers and huntsmen are forty or fifty hounds, coupled together and held fast in leashes. Impatient for the fray, they are in a perpetual fizzle and give tongue continually, making a musical sound. One would hardly believe that dog whine could be so pathetically sweet. On a spirited horse sits Mr. Livingston, the distinguished-looking master of the hunt for that season. He is riding here and there, welcoming the members and their friends. The plain is dotted all over with horsemen in "pink," which, perhaps to the uninitiated I ought to say, means a scarlet coat, with white cords and tops (trousers and boots). Six or eight healthy, handsome English girls are holding in their horses and laughing and chatting. They are habited in dark colors, with black stove-pipe hats, but their flashing eyes and teeth, brilliant complexions, and the crisp gay knots of ribbons in the breasts of their riding-habits, make delicious "bits of color" in the landscape.

I see stretching away in every directions the admirable French roads, with tall, slim poplars stationed on either side, like sentinels on guard. In the field the trees present an obnoxious *embonpoint*—they become short and "stocky," because they are never cut down only cut off at the top and trimmed for fuel, which is sold by the pound. Surrounding the plain is the long brilliant array of carriages, and in the distance the grand range of the mountains, making a frame to the picture, which we thought was alone well worth coming over the ocean to see.

At last everything is ready. The huntsman sounds his horn and the play is about to begin. "But where is the fox?" I ask Ethel. She raises her eyebrows dubiously, but we learn soon enough the humiliating fact that he is there all the time, tied up in a bag!

The strings of the bag are untied; the fox leaps forth, and flies like a tawny streak across the plain. A great bell-toned musical cry arises from the hounds, whose evolutions, revolutions, inflexions and ascensions are something to see. In vain they whine and dance, and struggle and leap; they are fast held in leash, until the fox is a few minutes in advance. With his eyes upon his watch, Mr. Livingston gives the signal. The canine can-can comes to an end and, like a flash, the dogs are away on the scent. Huntsmen give chase with a wild ruse, the English girls are to the fore, leaping hedges and ditches—"taking headers," without fear or favor, with the best and bravest, and American woman present looks after them in open-mouthed and horrified amazement.

All the carriages follow at full speed by the roads, hoping to see the fox cross somewhere. He does, and Ethel and I scream:

"Here he is!" and stand up in the carriage and stretch our necks, as dogs, hunters, and one superb girl dash after. The little bells on the basket carriages ring out merrily right and left of us, and everybody is exultant—except the fox.

Quickly we drove on to another possible turn of the hunt. Yes, we have come to the right spot. We see it all—we are "in at the death." There is a sudden rush of huntsmen from all points, jumping hedges, leaping little brooks, and among them is the one English girl who has kept up with the hunt to the end. A struggling, howling, trampling crowd of dogs, a woful, despairing cry, a sudden momentous stillness, and the "brash" is held up amid cheers and congratulations.—*Scribner's Monthly*.

THE GIFT OF SONG.

A TOUCHING story is told of a little girl sent by her parents from Spain, during a time of religious persecutions there to take refuge with some friends in England. The vessel was lost on a rock bound coast during a severe storm, but the little girl was saved through the effort of some heroic men. She was too young to tell the story, but, by a series of providential events was brought at last to the house of a friend of her parents, just as released from imprisonment, they arrived in England to seek their long lost darling. A familiar tune that the mother had taught her little girl in former days, became the clue that led to their joyful meeting.

A remarkable incident is that of a Scottish youth who learned with a pious mother to sing the old Psalms that were as household words to them in the huts and by the fireside. When he grew up he wandered away from his native country, was taken captive by Turks, and made slave in one of the Barbary states. But he never forgot the songs of Zion, although he sung them in a strange land and to the heathens' ears. One night he was solacing himself in this manner, when the attention of some sailors on board of an English man-of-war was directed to the familiar tune of "Old Hundred," as it came floating over the moon-lit waves. At once they surmised the truth, that one of their countrymen was languishing away his life as a captive. Quickly arming themselves, they manned a boat, and lost no time in effecting his release. What a joy to him after eighteen long years passed in slavery.—*Child's World*.

HOW HE BECAME DEAF.

If a stranger passing along the dirty wharves of Plymouth, England, sixty or seventy years ago, had ventured to single out any particular Johnny from the many of that name among the little Devonshire tatterdemalions who played there, and predict a brilliant future for him, he would have done an absurd thing no doubt.

The Johnny I mean was quite as ragged and poor as any of them, and apparently no brighter than the rest. If he was better, it could not have been owing to his home advantages, for his home was actually too poor to keep him. He was sent away at the early age of four years to live with his grandmother, and for six years from that date he was "grandmother's boy."

This good lady, however, was not one of the foolishly indulgent grandmothers, which was well for Johnny, for it saved him from the misfortune of learning to always have his own way. She was herself very poor, but she was a true woman, and she taught Johnny to read the Bible to her on Sundays when she could not go to church, making a little "pulpit" of chairs for him just to please him.

He soon began to love reading, and when he could earn a few pennies by little services for the barber, or some other neighbor, he spent it all for small books.

When he was ten years old, his hard-working parents took him home. Little time poor Johnny got to look at books then. His

father was a mason, and he had to carry bricks and mortar for him. One day, while climbing with a heavy load to the top of a house, his foot slipped on the ladder, and he fell back more than thirty feet, breaking several of his bones, and terribly bruising his head and body.

For weeks he lay helpless, barely escaping death at last. But when he recovered he was stone deaf.

What should be done with Johnny now? His father found him of little use to him. Grandmother was dead. Finally Johnny was sent to the work-house.

But, as God would have it, the poor boy made friends in that hard place, and the overseer lent him books, so that he could read out of laboring hours.

In the course of time some visitors at the work-house noticed Johnny, and, astonished at the intelligence and excellence of a lad who had never been to school, undertook to take care of him and educate him.

His progress upwards was rapid from that day. He remembered the teachings of his pious grandmother, and faithfully served God in all he did.

He became a learned man, traveled in Palestine, and wrote many able and instructive books on the Bible and Bible lands; and all the Christian world read them with delight, and feel thankful that the accident of his boyhood which made him deaf did not make him blind.

Johnny's story furnishes one fine example of the blessing the good Father above loves to bring out of misfortune. That fall from the building was the turning-point,—the "new departure," so to speak, of the boy's life. If he had never been work-house Johnny, he probably would never have been the celebrated *Dr. John Kitto* —*Youth's Companion*.

CALIFORNIA HOUSEKEEPERS AND CHINESE SERVANTS.

It is a curious chapter of history to hear housekeepers who employ Chinese, compare experiences. We met a lady not long since who has a Chinaman of the superior kind,—one who is partner in a wash-house, and of the sort known among themselves as a "Boss." Another has one who is part owner of a Chinese drug-store. We ourselves have at present a capitalist who is a money-lender, and exacts three per cent a month from his impecunious countrymen. For they are keenly alive to all methods of money-making, and are, oh! such hard masters!

The "Boss" Chinaman gradually extended his prerogatives, until he went to bed in the day-time (an indulgence they highly prize,) and was often absent for hours together, looking after his wash-house. He was discharged several times, but always continued to stay, for he was a good cook; but at last patience was exhausted and he was once more discharged, with the information that he *must* go. So he left. No good Chinaman could be found to fill his place; there was plenty of them, as there is always, but our friend tried one incompetent, untrained, destructive being after another, until she had tried twenty, and was, as she herself expressed it, "nearly dead." Good cooking was a special necessity in the family, and for certain reasons only Chinese servants were wanted. At last she discharged the twentieth, and was faint and despairing, at which crisis Chong reappeared, and she thankfully took him back. After awhile she learned that Chong's power as a "Boss" was such that no Chinaman dared to come to her without his sanction, and that he himself had sent her those twenty Chinese, not one of whom, as he well knew and intended, could do anything. And, to crown all, each one had paid Chong one dollar for the privilege of trying the place, so that the astute creature had actually made twenty dollars by the operation! And what is more, their rules among themselves are such, that as long as Chong wants the place no other can apply, so that unless she changes to Irish, our friend is shut up to Chong, and no other until he has a mind to leave. And Chong was there at the last showing.—*Scribner's Monthly*.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

THE *Methodist Recorder* says that the Sabbath breaking in London is grosser and more profane than in Paris, and, besides, that there is more of it.

A Temperance Conference is to be held at Sea Grove, the new Presbyterian watering place near Cape May, beginning on the 25th of August, and lasting for three days.

The legend on the pedestal of the statue in Madison Square does not tell the truth. William H. Seward was a Senator of the United States and a Secretary of State of the United States, but he was never a Governor of the United States.

Princeton Theological Seminary has, during the last four years, received such princely donations that its property is now valued at nearly three-quarters of a million of dollars. Half a million is in real estate, the rest in bonds and mortgages.

The services at the Tyng Gospel tent on Thirty-fourth street are more crowded than ever. The Rev. Joseph Odell is now distinguishing himself as an effective and eloquent preacher. Uncle John Vassar is doing good work in counselling the inquirers.

Brulsed lupine pods soaked in water are announced as useful in making a wash for removing grease and other impurities from wool and woollen fabrics. The wool is steeped in the liquid for some time, and is then drained and washed in pure water. The wash is said to have no injurious effect on colored fabrics.

Rev. John DeWitt, who left Boston on account of ill health, and accepted the charge of the Third Presbyterian Church of Pittsburg, now leaves the city of smoke and cinders to become the successor of Dr. Boardman, whose age and infirmities compelled him to resign the pastorate of the Tenth Presbyterian Church of Philadelphia. It is a compliment of which any young man may be proud, to be the successor of Dr. Boardman.

President McCosh of Princeton has come out in strong and determined opposition to college regattas, which he considers more demoralizing than horse races. Dr. Cuyler of Brooklyn takes the same view and says that the sons of religious parents when they go to Saratoga to patronize John Morrissey's establishment in such a way as ought to awaken the solicitous inquiry of every parent who has a son within reach of its baleful influence.

In Wilkesbarre, Pa., a young man who was formerly a North Carolina slave has just been ordained pastor over a Presbyterian church of colored Christians. His name is William D. Robeson. At the close of the war he understood neither reading or writing. Since that time he has been at Lincoln University, where he has distinguished himself by his proficiency in study. He is said by those who have heard him to be a very able preacher.

It would seem, from what is said by the Rev. J. P. Newman, D. D., that the religious welfare of the soldiers in the far West does not receive at the hands of the chaplains the attention which it deserves. He thinks that some of the chaplains are lazy loungers, and that others of them are not quite as industrious and self-denying as might be desired. He further thinks that the army chaplaincy is not anywhere the complete success it ought to be, and that it ought to be abolished.

A correspondent of the *Liverpool Post* writes as follows of a Roman Catholic festival at Bolzen, in Austria: "The peasants from southern Austria and northern Italy poured into the little town, headed by their priests. On the evening before the fete the mountains were illuminated with bonfires. Sacred hearts and crosses blazed on the slopes, and rockets rose on high. The next day there were processions and bands, and old colors of the war of 1800, and priests in canonicals and monks in cowls, and prayers chanted by all classes as the procession moved on."

The cities and villages of New Hampshire furnish no encouragement to the unemployed, and yet we believe that the rural districts—in no case more than three or four miles from a village—can give comfortable homes to two thousand families. We believe there are nearly that number of deserted farm houses, old house, to be sure, but better than the log cabin of the West or the dwelling places of the early settlers. These houses are surrounded by fields, now uncultivated, which can be made to yield the necessities of life. They can be had almost for the asking—purchased on time or rented for a song—and in most cases are better homes than the tenement houses of the cities. They are near school houses and churches, and if a man has courage, gives up his past life and the idea that he is only located until business comes up in the cities, applies himself diligently, is honest with the neighboring farmers, he can, in a little time, have a happy home that shall contribute to the realization of the better time which the unemployed have dreamed of but never realized.

A Baptist farmer who was short of money wanted to give some to the missionary cause. So he set apart the proceeds of one hive of bees. The busy bees improved the shining hours and their owner's first remittance is a ten dollar greenback. This was better than grumbling because he had no money.

Confession in the Church of England was discussed in the House of Lords recently, by Lords Oranmore and Browne, who believed that there were now several thousand clergymen who practiced it, notwithstanding that the bishops had spoken against it in their charges. There were now notices in several churches in the diocese of London to the effect that the church would be open for two hours three days a week for the purpose of confession and absolution. The Bishop of Manchester had said in his pulpit that, though he did not approve of it, he dares not forbid it, so many of the most earnest among his clergymen being favorable to it. In the speaker's opinion, that was a direct sanction to the practice. The clergy encouraged young women to attend confession surreptitiously. Lord Oranmore narrated how a clergyman in the diocese of Canterbury kept his church open between 10 A. M. and 5 P. M. to her confession and give absolution, and described the case of one girl whose family relations he had embittered by enticing her to the practice of confession.

The building committee of a church recently finished in New Jersey wanted a stone slab over the door, with the name of the church and a scriptural motto. It occurred to them that nothing could be neater than "My house shall be called the house of prayer." So one of the committeemen, who was in a great hurry, told the stonecutter to chisel on the slab the thirteenth verse of the twenty-first chapter of Matthew. He thought the verse ended with the words he wanted to use. The stonecutter took the whole verse from the Bible, and faithfully copied it to the end. Imagine the horror of the committeemen when the stone was delivered! It read: "My house shall be called the house of prayer; but ye have made it a den of thieves." The stonecutter insisted that he had obeyed orders. But the committeemen insisted that the motto he had inscribed was not what they wanted, and, that it would be of no particular use to them. That slab is now in the stonecutter's yard, and anybody who wants it for a tombstone can probably buy it cheap.

Bishop Whipple of Minnesota has written a letter to the President containing various suggestions relative to a reformed Indian policy; and as the Bishop has spent many years in laboring to civilize the savages, and improve their condition, his opinions will undoubtedly command respect. The plan which he believes would be most efficient in securing permanent peace between the Indians and the whites, is substantially as follows: First, to concentrate all the Indians on a few reservations; second, to give to each Indian who shows a disposition to engage in peaceful pursuits, a patent for 160 acres of land, making the title inalienable; and, thirdly, to provide a government for the Indians of every reservation. These views are worthy of consideration, though it would take a long time to effect the concentration of tribes which the good Bishop proposes. In the mean time the quickest and surest way of securing peace with the Indians is to stop cheating them and lying to them. This policy is not likely to be tried, however, until there has been an entire change in the national Administration. The Indian Ring, which includes some of the most pious and distinguished statesmen of the Republican party, do not desire any change whatever in the existing Indian policy, unless it should be one that would enable them to steal a few more millions a year.

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